Trope: Awkward First Meeting (DogsDogs)

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Trope: Awkward First Meeting (DogsDogs)

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will Graham has just moved to Wolf Trap to start his new job at the FBI Academy. Life takes an unexpected turn when he meets a certain Romanian alpha whilst shopping for fly fishing supplies.

Notes

There is unprotected sex in later chapters. I write ABO as being disease free and with pregnancy risk only whilst in heat as that suits the view in my head - there are suppressants and pills but no condoms in my ABO. It is obv not something I encourage in real life. But If you squick it maybe skip it.

Many thanks to Victorine for some second opinions and massive thanks to the utterly wonderful Llewcie for the beta <3

September

It was a bright day but there was a nip to the air - summer wasn't going to last much longer and Will was wondering what that would mean in Wolf Trap. When he'd interviewed for the job at the Quantico FBI Academy one of the alphas on the panel had *joked* that the temperature dipped quite a bit during the winter, but Will should be fine given that he was an omega. There had been a polite cough from someone else but otherwise silence. Will had to stop himself rolling his eyes or retorting that omegas running at a higher natural body temperature was a fallacy. At least he had the measure of the place, and in truth it was no worse than the shit he had at the precinct. These assholes who treated omegas like dainty and precious - but lesser humans - could be found everywhere; he'd never let it stop him before.

He decided to make the most of what was left of the good weather and head down to the stream on his property to do some fly fishing. It would be good for his two dogs to get acquainted with their new home too. He just needed a few supplies first and had already looked up the details of a Fish and Game store in town. He was looking forward to a nice relaxing weekend before he started his new job come Monday.

The drive into town was pleasant; he hadn't seen much of the place before buying the most secluded and remote property he could find within a reasonable commute of Quantico. Will Graham wasn't good with people. And if there was one thing an omega should be, it was good with people - as antiquated as that was. As antiquated as being cat-called by random alphas in the street to "smile". Or dealing with unsolicited opinions on his being more interested in his career than breeding. It made dealing with alphas all the more tedious.

He pulled into the space outside the shop at the stripmall and took a moment to look over the place - rustic, like a lot of shops in this end of town. It was quiet; there was only one other car parked along the street, but then it was pretty early for a Saturday. The sign on the door of the end shop - his destination - read 'open' at least, so he went on in.

It wasn't small but cramped, full of all kinds of outdoors clothes, hunting goods, fishing supplies. There was even a massive stuffed bear in the corner. Because of course, it definitely seemed like that type of place. Will could see the fishing supplies section but decided to check out the jackets first; he was probably going to need one sooner rather than later.

It was only when he moved from the jackets to look at some waders that he realised he was completely alone. He hadn't been greeted by any staff and when he looked over to the counter no one was there.

It was only a moment later that he heard a bang. Not a gunshot, but certainly something loud, and violent. He automatically reached for his sidearm and found he didn't have one - he had surrendered his NOPD weapon and would only get one from Quantico in the unlikely event they called him into the field. He felt strangely exposed in a way he hadn't anticipated.

There were guns locked up at the counter, hunting knives on the wall.

The bang happened again, and then he was sure he could hear someone let out a yell. Without further thought Will jumped over the counter and through the open door to the back, following the sound of someone's mutterings now. They sounded like threats. What the hell had he stumbled into? Was the place being held up?

When he reached the door behind which the sound was definitely coming, he shouted "Police, I'm coming in," and kicked the door open.

"Fuck!"

"Oh, fuck, I'm sorry." Will's face burned red as he realised he had busted into a bathroom. A striking looking man with a neck tattoo and his cock out was peeing into the toilet. An extremely large cockroach shot over Will's foot and out into the world beyond.

"Dammit!" The man shook, tucked, zipped and then kicked a metal waste bin after the roach.That had evidently been the source of the noise. "I nearly had him that time." He chuckled, then turned to Will with a raised brow. "Well, this is awkward. Do you mind?" The man, still looking pretty amused, gestured for Will to return to the shop.

Will did so and considered just walking straight out, he was so embarrassed. But he really needed to buy stuff. He decided to go back to browsing and hope that the incident went mutually undiscussed. He was just grabbing a jacket off the rack when the alpha appeared at his side. Much closer than Will was really happy with. He tried to convey that with a look, but it was clearly either misunderstood or ignored.

"So… I don't get too many omegas jumping over my counter to bust down my bathroom door. You're police?" The words were crooned in that way that alphas had around clearly unmated omegas. "I think those roaches need an exterminator more than the Poliția."

"I misspoke." Will replied back with no feeling whatsoever, deliberately avoiding eye contact. He didn't want to give this guy any kind of signal that could be misconstrued. "Recently changed jobs; force of habit."

“Shame, I was excited by the prospect of having my tackle protected by the law.”

Will rolled his eyes so hard he thought he might see his own brain. Then he did look at the alpha. A withering look which only seemed to make him grin more. Will finished grabbing the supplies he needed and ignored the alpha as he moved to the counter and dropped them all there, waiting for service.

An amused chuckle from the man as he went behind the counter to serve, told Will that this was yet another alpha who thought the whole independent omega *act* was adorable. They were never as keen when they realised it wasn’t an act at all.

Will stayed silent under the alpha’s amused gaze as the items were rung through and packed up. He only looked up when he paid and picked up the bag. The alpha was grinning at him, Will just rolled his eyes and turned, walking at a measured pace.

He heard the alpha chuckle - “Rude shit.” as he let the shop door swing closed behind him.

October

Chapter Summary

Will and his new colleague/drinking buddy, Alana, hit the bars...

Chapter Notes

Many thanks to Shoegazerx for helping me decide on a fitting Romanian surname for Nigel!

Will wasn't sure this was a good idea, but Alana assured him that none of the students knew about this bar, which was a relief. Because although he hadn't gone there specifically to hook up (though he was sure his colleague had), the heady scent of alpha was piquing his interest.

Alana was nice, fun. They had become fast friends when she had guest lectured around the time he had started at the Academy. The beta was quite lovely and good company, and they had many things in common. Not least, it turns out, their mutual love of well endowed alphas.

"It's alright for you! There's no expectation on *you*. When they bed you they aren't expecting to wake up in the morning to a beautifully cooked breakfast and doe-eyed housewife-in-waiting."

Alana laughed lightly. "No, I suppose not. You must disappoint a lot of alphas."

Will grinned but said nothing.

A moment later and Alana was swept back to the small dancefloor by some strapping hunk of an alpha that was the third to express interest in her in the last hour. After turning several down already, it seemed the entire bar had given up on Will.

Will looked at his empty glass. He'd been nursing the whiskey almost the whole time they'd been there. He wasn't holding out - waiting for someone to come over and buy him a drink, he just didn't particularly like getting smashed outside the comfort of his own home. He fingered the glass for a moment, trying to decide whether to order another given that his companion was becoming more and more absent in his company that she might not miss him if he left.

“Let me buy you a drink, gorgeous?” The accented voice was low and gentle; it swept over Will like silk. Maybe he could be persuaded to hook up tonight...

He turned with a smile and his face fell immediately. “Ugh. You!”

“Me, darling?” the alpha grinned and took Alana’s vacated seat. “What have I done to you? You, who I served so pleasantly after you busted in on me whilst I was pissing. Is this any way to say hello? You know, you are quite a rude shit.” His grin had remained throughout and Will found it deeply irritating.

“I don’t think I’m what you’re looking for tonight.” Will huffed out the words and turned back to his empty glass.

“You read minds?”

“I read people.” Will muttered, wishing he did have a drink that he could sip at. “I wouldn’t cook you breakfast and beg you to stay.”

“I don’t often eat breakfast. And I am very rarely begged to stay. I’m not the sort of alpha people like to take home to mama.”

Will could hear the smile in those words and his own lips quirked slightly in response. “I’m not the sort of omega that takes alphas home to mama.” He chuckled and sat back, looking again at the alpha who had already assumed a casual repose.

“Well, in that case I don’t think we have anything to worry about. Besides which, we are already fairly personally acquainted.” The alpha quirked his brow. “Very few people have seen my dick without at least exchanging names first.”

Will did laugh at that and shook his head with a grin before looking back to the alpha. He held out his hand - “Will Graham.”

“Nigel Lupescu” the alpha took his hand and shook it, giving him a lopsided smile.

“Well… I for one now feel a lot better about having seen your dick.”

Nigel laughed.

*

Despite his initial reservations, perhaps assumptions, about Nigel being like every other guy he’d ever met, Will wasn’t above indulging himself in the attentions of an alpha. And Nigel was very attentive. The stressful month or so of trying to adjust to a life in teaching was forgotten as Nigel sucked down his cock, pulling a groan from him.

The taxi ride back to Wolf Trap had seemed longer than the short ride it had been to the bar in the first place as an eagerness built between them. The alpha’s breath panting at his neck as his hand rubbed at Will’s cock through his jeans with a promise of future pleasure.

Nigel had practically thrown a wad of cash at the driver as Will rushed to get out and unlock the door to his house. And then the alpha had been on him. Will had just managed to close the door before Nigel had Will's jeans undone and around his ankles, underwear following suit as Nigel took him into his mouth.

With Nigel's hands on his thighs, Will put his hands in Nigel's hair, mostly to steady himself as the alpha hummed around his cock and Will struggled not to curl his toes.

"Ngg, uh, so… good…" Will managed to force out the words as he swayed.

Nigel chuckled, sending another jolt through his cock at the vibrations. The alpha's hands moved up over his hips and to his ass, fingers slipping down his crack and feeling the slick there.

"Please…" Will moaned, his eyes closing in pleasure as Nigel's fingers moved over and then into his hole.

Nigel released his cock with an audible pop before standing and turning Will roughly. Will went, willingly - happily. Bent over the arm of his sofa, legs nudged apart. His cock twitching as he heard the alpha unzip and drop his own jeans. He pushed Will down and immediately pressed into him, filling him so completely in one smooth move that Will let out a long groan and pushed back on the alpha's cock. It felt so good, so amazingly good. And then Nigel began to move, and Will was lost to the pleasure of it.

*

At some point they found the bed that Will had set up in his living room - a temporary measure whilst he had been fixing up the house, but seemed pretty permanent now. In fact when they woke the next morning tangled in each other and the bed sheets Nigel sat up and looked around with a little confusion -

"Why is the bed in your living room?"

"Convenience?" Will chuckled. Nigel huffed and grinned before pulling the omega in for another kiss, his hands framing Will's face. The kiss was soft and slow. Will felt a little bereft when the alpha pulled back and grinned at him.

"So, you gonna cook breakfast?"

"Ha! Fat chance." Will pushed the alpha off and they shared another laugh before settling back onto the bed, resting against each other.

"You just go ahead and kick me out when you want me to go, I won't be offended."

"I wouldn't care if you were." Will laughed.

"I suppose not." Nigel rumbled the words with a fond amusement. "You're a conundrum. You're very appealing for how you are not like a stereotypical omega, but not being like a stereotypical omega makes it hard to tie you down."

“I don’t know, you tied me pretty good a few times last night as I recall.” Will smiled and stroked his hand along Nigel’s firm thigh, a swell of pleasure in his belly at the thought of the times the alpha knotted him.

“You understand me. You make it difficult if an alpha should want to court you.” Nigel replied thoughtfully.

“Yes, because I don’t want to be courted.” Will laughed again. He often found it annoying that this was so hard to grasp, but something about Nigel saying it amused him. It felt more like an observation than a criticism from someone with serious designs on him - as had been the case those few times in college. Before he’d sworn off pretty much anything other than casual sex. And even then some alphas were looking for more than he wanted. “Not getting clingy are you Nigel?”

“I could imagine it.” He smiled and stroked a hand down Will’s arm. “But if you can’t that is fine. Perhaps we can do this again sometime though?”

“Yeah, maybe.” Will tried not to sound as hesitant as he felt. He wasn’t going to call Nigel, probably wouldn’t answer if he called. He had a strict one night only policy that was so far working for him. Might be a bit awkward shopping for fishing supplies, but they were adults; he was sure they could handle it.

“Tell me more about your job? Your not-a-cop job?” Nigel shifted slightly, getting more comfortable.

“That sounds a bit clingy.” Will laughed.

“Not at all, I’m just curious, nosy. You can be nosy too, ask me about whether my tackle was as popular back home in Romania?” He winked and Will rolled his eyes.

“I teach at the FBI Academy.” Will replied. “Not all that interesting really. Most of the students are cocky alphas thinking they know better than some old, unmated omega.”

“Ha! I can imagine. How do you deal with that?” Nigel smiled.

“I show them graphic crime scene slides until a couple of them puke.” Will shrugged.

Nigel started laughing. “You’re such an asshole. I enjoy that about you.”

Will grinned. “Yes, well. Omegas can be assholes contrary to popular belief.”

“Yes.” Nigel agreed as he ran his hand over Will’s rump.

Will knew he should ask about Nigel, and he really was starting to warm to the guy, but he just didn’t have it in him to come across as interested and then brush him off. Better he seem rude.

“You would be terrible in customer service.” Nigel laughed. “In fact, you were a terrible customer. I can’t imagine the business you would drive away as a server.”

Will raised an eyebrow in mock offense.

“Speaking of which. I have to go open the shop. I have a delivery.” Nigel pulled Will into another kiss and then pushed the omega back so he could get out of the bed. Will smiled and nodded, watching with unguarded desire as the alpha pulled his clothes on. He was attractive; he would be a good catch for the right omega.

Nigel called a cab and Will at least deigned to make him a cup of half decent coffee to pass the time. Sharing more laughter and light touches until the car arrived.

“Call me sometime.” Nigel smiled before heading out the front door.

November

Chapter Summary

> Will can't put off his trip for fishing supplies any longer... perhaps his timing could be better.

Winter had well and truly set in. Will now had to do something he'd been putting off for a month. He'd had enough supplies to last him before, but ice fishing called for a few things he needed to acquire from Nigel's shop.

He decided the easiest thing to do was head in there real early before his morning class to at least have that excuse to make a quick exit. He pulled up outside the shop a little before 7.30am and found it was still closed; he'd aimed too early. But then he heard movement to the side of the building. Would it be even more awkward asking the guy he never called back to let him into the shop early? Rather than coming back when the store was open and he had to try and make more small talk? At least this way he could get it over and done with - still use the early-because-I-need-to-get-to-class excuse.

He rounded the corner of the building and saw Nigel and another man smoking, talking in what he presumed to be Romanian and taking delivery of a box from a large and beefy alpha. Nigel pocketed a small baggy of something then took out a wad of notes and paid the alpha, whilst the other Romanian took the box.

"Hey, Nigel." Will called out, feeling odd and intrusive at not having been seen. The alpha grabbed the notes and took off, knocking into the other Romanian, a beta, and sending the box skittering to the floor. It bust open and bag upon bag of packed up pills spilled between Nigel and Will. Both looked down and then back up at each other.

Will reached for his still nonexistent side-arm and the other Romanian raised his hands whilst muttering under his breath. Nigel smiled.

"Darko, put your hands down you idiot. He isn't a cop."

Darko lowered his hands. "Smells like something you'd fuck." He chuckled and Nigel shot him a look.

"Why don't you pick that shit up and get it inside. While I have a chat with my friend here."

Will sighed and watched as the Romanian did as he was told. He rubbed the bridge of his nose and frowned at Nigel. It was way too early in the morning for this shit.

"Once a cop, Will?" Nigel smiled.

“You mean, am I going to call this in? I kind of have to don’t you think?” Will let his shoulder slump. It was going to be a long day. He should have just found another bait shop.

Nigel huffed out a chuckle. “I meant your attraction to dangerous men.” He grinned a sharp-toothed smile as Will frowned at him.

Was he attracted to dangerous men? Maybe there was something in common with a lot of his hook ups. He looked Nigel over: the neck tattoo; the whole image - despite the adorable little dogs on today’s shirt - it screamed *dangerous* now he really took him in.

“Oh hell.” Will muttered and kicked the paving. “Ok, what are the drugs, let me see what I can do about this.” He sighed as Nigel’s grin widened. “This isn’t for you asshole, this is because I don’t want the headache of dealing with paperwork that I don’t have to.”

“Whatever helps you sleep at night, gorgeous.” Nigel took a small packet out of his pocket and handed it over. “Keep it as a free sample if you feel you need it.” That infuriating smile was still there.

Will took the packet and looked it over. He’d been expecting meth or something, but these little pills? Could be maybe ecstasy? They looked professionally made, not chopped together with a load of crap. But he’d never worked narcotics… He turned the pills over and saw the little S on the other side and he realised immediately what they were.

“These aren’t illegal.” Will was confused.

Nigel chuckled. “I never said they were, darling. Though technically…”

“Your shop isn’t licensed to sell suppressants. You just use it as a front.” Will was putting it together slowly, because why would a Romanian alpha be dealing in under the table hormones for omegas? “Ok, what am I missing here?” He threw the little packet back to Nigel.

The alpha leaned against the wall of the shop, took a cigarette from behind his ear and ran a hand through his hair. He breathed out a sigh before putting it in his mouth. He took a drag and puffed it out before speaking - gesturing at Will with the cigarette. “Do you know how much it costs to get suppressants if you don’t have good insurance in this country? Or none at all?” He took another drag. “We buy them in bulk from this guy shipping them on the side from a pharmaceuticals factory, we take a cut - a small cut - because these sell before we can even tell people we have them. We don’t need to get greedy and draw attention. As we speak my friend Darko is sorting these bags for all our current customers and they will go out for delivery.” Another drag and another wave of the cigarette in Will’s direction. “And then our lovely omegan friends can go about their days without having to worry about taking unpaid heat leave that they can ill-afford just because they don’t have the luxury of insurance that will fork out for suppressants.”

Will was dumbstruck. His mouth opened but no words came out.

Nigel pushed off the wall, dropping the cigarette as he moved over to him, wrapping a hand around the back of his neck and leaning in. He breathed in the omega’s scent and then spoke

softly - “Don’t misunderstand me, I have a flair for this business - I spent many years dealing in a variety of terrible things back in Romania. But, I wanted a quiet life… and it feels nice to help people.” He lowered his lips to Will’s neck and mouthed at the soft skin over his scent gland.

Will closed his eyes and tried to ignore the sensation of it.

“Don’t.” The word came out as a whisper.

“Hmm?” Nigel hummed against him as he continued to kiss and nip at Will’s sensitive neck.

“Don’t!” He was louder this time and he pushed Nigel off, despite his body trying to convince him he wanted the alpha to continue.

Nigel pulled back and frowned at him. “Steady darling. You didn’t call, I understand. You don’t want to be tied down, you don’t want me to presume anything more than a good fuck.” He winked. “And it was a good fuck. Doesn’t mean we can’t have fun, right? Now you know my dark secrets?” He was all wide smiles.

Will shook his head at no one in particular, turned and walked away. It was only when he got in his car he realised he still needed the ice fishing supplies.

December

Chapter Summary

Will asks Alana to pick up his fishing supplies... she makes everything worse!

“I can’t believe I did this for you!” Alana clunked the bag down on the lunch table.

“I appreciate it.” Will smiled, glad at last to have the supplies he needed after the aborted shopping trip almost two weeks earlier.

“Ok, so… what’s the story there?” Alana grinned as she sat down. “The guy in the bait shop seemed cute as hell, in a rough and ready kind of way. So is he the reason you had to get someone else to get your shopping?”

Will sighed and dropped his head into his hands. “If you must know… that was the guy I took home that night we went out to the bar.”

“Ohhh” It was drawn out and knowing. Alana smirked and picked up the menu.

“What does that mean? Ohhh?” Will frowned.

“It means that you are avoiding a one night stand.”

“So?” Will’s frowned deepened with his confusion.

“Will, I know we haven’t known each other all that long.” She set down the menu and looked at him. “But you don’t strike me as someone that avoids a shop they want, arguably, need to frequent, just because they hooked up with the owner. So, I guess to me that says… you like him.” Her lips quirked into a quickly repressed smile.

“I do not… I… God, Alana if you must know - the first time we met I thought he was being attacked so I broke into the bathroom and saw him in all his glory.” he started counting them off on his fingers. “The second time we met I was a rude shit and still ended up hooking up with him and then never calling him. The third time we met I caught him doing something a sort of illegal but arguably altruistic and he tried to touch me up. I just…” He breathed out a sigh. “I feel like I’m destined to have some weird and uncomfortable interaction with him every time I go into that shop. And I just… don’t want to deal with that shit.”

Alana’s face dropped and she looked a little pale.

“What?” Will drew back a little, not sure he wanted to know.

Alana winced. “Oops. I thought… I thought you were just playing some stupid omegan hard to get game. I… may have told him the shopping was for you. I may also have told him what bar we’re planning on going to tonight and that you might be looking for company…”

“What!? Alana… that’s… why would you do that?” Will clenched his jaw.

She winced again and held up her hands in surrender. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I just… I thought it was some silly alpha-omega thing. I thought I’d… help it along.” Her shrug was contrite.

Will shook his head as he glowered at her.

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He had not one single intention of going to the bar with Alana after her lunchtime revelations. Instead he decided the best thing would be to spend the evening in a much more practical way. Anything to take his mind off the weird itch he had under his skin, which he knew deep down was a pressing desire to see the alpha again - despite the fact that he really didn’t want to. Sure they got on well; it was easy and nice. And the sex had been amazing. The guy was an asshole but in a similar, or maybe complementary way, to the kind of asshole Will knew himself to be.

The fact remained, he’d been here before - he wasn’t interested in a relationship and in the end all alphas just wanted someone they could claim and bond and breed.

So he took out the box of Christmas decorations from where he’d stowed them in the spare room, dragged out the shitty artificial tree and then set them to the side for the next day so he could get online and start looking up other fishing supply stores.

He was starting to nod off at the computer when there was a knock at the door. He wasn’t sure of the time but was pretty sure of the situation.

“Alana, I’ve already told you. I am not going!” He called through the door as he unlocked it.

“Hello gorgeous.” Nigel stood, grinning, on the porch.

“You have got to be kidding me!” Will walked away from the door and slumped down onto the sofa, defeated.

“I didn’t see you at the bar, I wanted to come check you were ok.” Nigel’s grin told him that the alpha didn’t believe for one moment anything had been wrong. He walked in and closed the door behind him before joining Will on the couch.

Nigel cleared his throat. “Wanna talk?”

“No.” Will’s answer was curt and surly. He knew he must sound like a petulant teen.

“Ok… Wanna fuck?”

“No.” That drew a chuckle from Will and he felt a little more loose.

“Ok… So. Your friend that came to the shop; she seemed to think that you were interested but playing hard to get. Omega games, I guess. But I was sure that wasn’t true because of what you said before, and-”

“It’s not an act, or a game. I don’t want to settle down. I don’t want to bond and breed and do all those things a good omega should and even the nicest cock in the world isn’t going to change that.”

“You think I have the nicest cock in the world?” Nigel grinned.

Will laughed and scrubbed a hand over his face. “I didn’t mean… well, you know you’ve got a great cock, let’s just get that out of the way.”

“And I know how to use it well. So I’ve been told.” His smile was lascivious.

“Damn. You’re so fucking impossible.” Will was still laughing as he grabbed Nigel and pulled him into a kiss. It was hungry and rough. Will moaned when Nigel practically pinned him to the sofa.

Nigel pulled back for a moment and looked at him, a searching look - eyes filled with lust. “What do you want Will? I don’t want things to get confused.”

Will ran his tongue out over his lower lip and bit down on it as he thought. He knew Nigel wanted to define boundaries, and that would happen, but for now - “I really want you to knot me.”

Nigel laughed and pulled them both from the sofa. Both laughing and kissing as they tried to quickly remove their own and each other’s clothes. One boot went flying and landed in the bowl of dog kibble. One of the dogs whined and then all three took off out of the room and Will just about registered the clack of their feet on the stairs as they sought refuge in his bedroom. Maybe he did need to reconsider the sleeping arrangements? But not now, because right now Nigel was naked and flipping Will onto his back on the bed in his living room.

“I’m going to make you feel so good, gorgeous.” Nigel grinned at him before moving between Will’s legs, head ducked to nuzzle at Will’s neck.

“I know you are.” Will laughed.

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Will woke to find the side of the bed next to him was cold. He had mixed feelings about that. Usually he would feel relief. But he enjoyed Nigel’s company, liked how light the man made him feel. How easy he was to laugh and joke with. He still had no interest in settling down so maybe it was for the best, not that Nigel seemed to be pushing for it - despite being an alpha.

When he heard the noise behind him he figured it was one of the dogs until he heard something drop and then -

“Oh fuck.”

Will sat and turned. Nigel, only in underwear, had put up the artificial tree and was currently hanging baubles. He bent to pick one up and then showed it to Will - “Not broken!” - before hanging it. All three dogs sat near the alpha’s feet, mesmerised by his actions.

“Didn’t there only used to be two dogs?” Nigel asked, gesturing towards them.

“Yeah… The little one Buster, I rescued him a couple of weeks ago.” Will replied, before shaking off the casually domestic feeling of it all. “What are you doing?” He wasn’t sure whether to be annoyed or amused.

“Fucking decorating darling. You need some Christmas cheer in here.” the alpha grinned.

Will smiled for a moment and then it faltered. This was nice, he liked this. This he could do. “Look, Nigel… Really I meant what I said. I don’t want marriage, I don’t want kids, I don’t want to bond. I don’t ever see that changing, that’s not who I am.”

Nigel nodded and gave a reassuring smile. “Will, you never asked what I wanted? Who says I want all those things? Who says I don’t just want this? Someone to fuck and cuddle with who makes me laugh, is a rude little shit and as much of an asshole as I am? Who says I want to bond and get married and have kids and all that complicated shit?”

“Oh.” Will blinked.

“So how about you make some breakfast, we can fuck some more - because that is something I enjoy a lot with you - and we can finish the Christmas decorations. And then we’ll see how it works with just us, fun and fucking and none of the complicated shit, yes?”

Will was grinning. Yes, he could manage that - there was just one problem.

“I’m not cooking breakfast.” Will raised an eyebrow.

“Well then.” A mock stern expression from the alpha as he dropped the bauble he was holding back into the box. “I guess we should skip to the fucking.” Nigel launched himself at Will.

Will laughed and only made the slightest of efforts to avoid the alpha’s grasp, before he was pinned under Nigel’s weight in a way he was sure he would never get enough of.

With a yelp all three dogs scattered but Will was already too absorbed with what Nigel’s tongue was doing to hear the poor things clattering on the stairs in search of sanctuary.

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